

THE ONLOOKER: What He Sees and What He Hears....

A motorman occasionally goes up against it. Yesterday a half-grown boy boarded a car full of passengers and dropped in a school children's check.

"Sonny," said the motorman in a loud voice, "you're too old. You can't ride on that. You'll have to drop in a nickle."

The boy blushed in confusion, but a happy thought struck him.

"Gimme back my check, then," he demanded, "and I'll put in a nickle."

It was the motorman's time to get rattled. He was stumped, and the passengers were laughing at him.

"Well," he finally said, "you can ride on it this time, but don't you ever try it again!"

On the chingang at present is one of the most demoralized-looking individuals to be found in a day's journey, and if reports are true, one of the most remarkable. It is "Butch Selby", a typical "hobo," whose present plight resulted from a disastrous conflict with "booze." "Butch" is a pretty good sort, but like many others he persists in his quixotic booze fighting, until he has developed—or rather, degenerated—into quite a character.

His right name is Richard Hesselbaine, and he came originally from Nashville, Tenn. It is said that he was educated for the priesthood, and received a legacy of \$50,000, which he squandered quickly in riotous living. He is not fond of work, because his requirements are met just as well without it, and always appears as blithesome and gay in his depravity as the millionaire with his bank stock and fine carriages. He has been about Paducah for several years, and is well known to everybody. Despite his shortcomings, "Butch" has quite a number of friends, who hope he will yet brace up.

The noted Kit Carson has relatives in Metropolis, Ill. The pioneer scout was a great fighter, and an interesting story is told of one of his rifles. His Metropolis kinsmen are L. C. and I. B. Flanagan, whose mother was his sister. The rifle story is that the weapon is the property of Montezuma lodge, Masons, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is deposited in the vaults of the First National bank there.

Kit Carson, was a member of the lodge and his remains are buried in Tucson, N. M. There is a monument erected to his memory in front of the United States court house in Santa Fe and many citizens, and a few members of the lodge remember him when in life, and all respect his memory.

The lodge will celebrate the 50th anniversary of its institution on the 12th of May next, and it is proposed by some of the members to place the relic on exhibition during that day.

It is said that millions of cane fishing poles are imported every year from Japan to supply the demand in this country.

The poles are brought from Japan and India as ballast in the tea vessels. If they were not used for this they could never be imported profitably. As it is, they are handled merely for the accommodation of country customers. These poles are called "Japs."

Formerly thousands of poles were brought from the swamps of Mississippi. Now that supply is practically exhausted. One room had to be left at a regular temperature to keep the Southern canes in condition and even then the loss was heavy. The Jap pole is much superior, the natural enamel being almost perfect. The imported poles are sold for but a slight advance on the Mississippi canes. The Japanese supply is being rapidly cut away and in a few years the cane pole will be entirely supplanted by the steel fishings rods.

A facetious friend sends me the following clippings from a Twenty-

first century newspaper dated March 31, 20 1.

From The Sunday Chat, published every five minutes. Thought-wave news from the planets and other parts of the universe regularly. Latest and Best. Reported by wireless telephone.

"The Billionaire Milling company is preparing to erect a compressed food and perpetual youth factory on the site of Morton's opera house. The fire that destroyed this building a hundred years ago is well remembered by some of our older citizens."

"General Manager Gus Thompson, of the Consolidated Air Ship company, dropped in from New York at noon and returned at 12:05. It is rumored he is still contemplating matrimony."

"Mr. Ed Gillen, of the Artificial Timber Producing association, met with a peculiar accident above Cairo today. His ball-bearing, self-acting air ship collided with some thought waves from the Sunday Chat and it was half an hour before the vessel could descend."

"Mayor James E. English has just celebrated his 139th birthday. He was given a banquet in the 76th story of The Kentuckian opera house building. Among the guests was Adeline Patti, who is now making her farewell tour of America."

"General Manager Charles Morris, of the Illinois Concentrated Electric railroad, will have a few friends over from Europe this evening."

"Considerable fun was created yesterday by the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Famous Works, by Weille Brothers. A large crowd gathered in front of the building to grab for elegant samples of asbestos-lined aluminum pants, which are now a great favorite with the women, who lead the men in the latest styles in trousers. P. S.—The pants all had strings tied to them. The crowd was grabbing for stray buttons."

"Jack, the whiskers clipper, continues to harass the patriarchs of legal row. Yesterday a daring fiend seized Federal Judge Eugene Graves, and deprived him of his elegant growth of chin sorrel. As usual, there is no clue. Later—The police got the whiskers. They couldn't get away."

"Rev. Jeff J. Read made the presentation speech at the celebration of Col. Haskell Hughes' golden wedding yesterday, when Col. Hughes was presented with a Revised Edition of his own auto biography."

"Mr. George Detzel, the millionaire brewer, had out on exhibition for a short time yesterday his herd of educated typhoid germs. He is mourning the loss of his petrified X-ray, however, which was accidentally swallowed by his reckless graffe."

"Mrs. Carrie Nation visited Paducah last week with her patent saloon exterminating apparatus with X-ray, burglar alarm attachments. She visited Mr. Chas. Emery's Nicotine Bottling Works, on the 49th floor of the Odd Fellows' building, and gave an exhibition lasting ten minutes, after which Mr. Emery offered a reward for anything that was left—except Mrs. Carrie herself. She was arrested by General Commanding James Collins, but Mike Johnson went her bond and she was released."

The Arcade held another big auction sale yesterday. A few of those relics once popularly known as automobiles were closed out at 28c marked down from half a dollar.

"Captain Billy Gray has gone on the road for the 'War Cry.' His territory will embrace the greater part of Europe and a small portion of Kansas."

"Dr. Marmaduke Dillon received the sad news today of the death of a relation on Mars."

"Steps are to be taken to repair the court house at Sixth and Washington. It is said fiscal court opposes the appropriation, as the building was repaired in 1889."

"Prof. Chas. Weille is meeting with great success with his new lecture,

"Pioneer Days of Paducah." He will shortly start on his second tour of the globe.

"W. J. Bryan's Hot Air ship is now running double time. Mr. Bryan is getting ready for his next campaign, and his twenty-fifth effort to become president promises to meet with the same success the other twenty-four did."

"The city council has decided that Paducah needs a new city hospital. The present one was built in 1877, and some among them Councilman Elliott, think it is still good, but Dr. J. G. Brooks is circulating a petition to increase it from six rooms to ten or twelve."

"Pat Crow, who created something of a sensation last century kidnapping a youngster out west, was in the city today and called on his old friend, Col. J. R. Dorris, at one time assistant general superintendent to General Manager W. J. Hills, of the Billion Dollar railroad."

He spent an enjoyable day with Mr. Dorris, but didn't have much to say.

"Rev. Jeff J. Read preached at the Union Trades League association tabernacle last night. One feature of the entertainment was the exhibition of Tom Payne's liquid-aridified soul as a horrible example."

"An amended petition to the suit of Porteous & Patterson against the city to collect money for a brick street last century was filed before Judge Dave Cross today. It is rumored that a settlement may yet be reached in the case."

There is one certain candidate in Paducah who cannot be worked by "moochers." The other morning a typical political parasite espied the candidate and called him.

"Just watch me fix this fellow," the candidate remarked in a low tone to a man with him.

"Say," began the moocher, "I'd like to borrow fifty cents from you."

"Well, that's strange," answered the candidate, in admirably feigned surprise, "I had just started to ask you to loan me 50 cents. It seems that we're both broke. It's just my luck, though, for me and my friends to all be broke at the same time. I'm sorry you can't accommodate me."

The moocher was one of the most astonished men in town, about this time. There was nothing for him to take offense at, so he stammered some kind of an apology and abruptly left.

"That's the only way to deal with these sort of fellows," observed the candidate. "Half of them can't vote, and a man who has no more self-respect than to go about imposing on men running for office in such a disgusting manner is as useless as a friend, as he is powerless as an enemy. They work 'em coming and going, and are out strictly to gouge every candidate who comes along. But they can't pull me that way."

As there are to be other elections this year, candidates might profit by the above man's experience, and thus contribute to the obliteration of the "moocher" element.

AS TRUE AS GOSPEL.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

The best way to do good for ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

'Tis not chance nor yet fate; 'tis the greatness born with him and in him that makes a man great.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.

If you have never tried to make anybody happy you have no idea how much pleasure you have overlooked.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father or mother.

"The Religious Spirit in the Poets" is a series of essays in the English poets from Spencer to Browning, developing from the great poems of literature the religious convictions of the writers. It is by the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and should prove eminently interesting to lovers of poetry.

CLEVER STORIES:

"The Real Bad Man."
"What His Friend Wanted."

THE REAL BAD MAN.

"A stripling of effeminate rosiness and neat attire sat in the corner of a frontier saloon, modest, silent, and as far out of the way as he could get. He had stepped from the train, and he was waiting for the stage. It was starched linen [that he wore; the city showed quite plainly in his hat; and it is still in dispute whether any down was visible upon his lip. But he was old enough to be smoking a cigar with all the appearance of habit. This cigar, also, was not a native of the town. In fact, the young man had made no purchase upon entering the saloon; nevertheless, the proprietor could scarcely complain of him. The stranger had asked if he might wait here for the stage, and had thanked the proprietor for his permission."

"Then he had sought his quiet corner, and lighted his cigar."

"A citizen walked out of the back room and up to the bar. He had left a faro game; and the proprietor was friendly with him, but respectful; that sort of respect which is flavored delicately with just enough familiarity to bring it out. It is probable that the citizen had had more drinks than the one he now took. It is also likely that faro had not gone as well with him this morning as he considered his due. His dissatisfied eye fell upon the rosy youth and his cigar; and he took the glass from his lips and held it, considering the stranger."

"At length, without removing his eyes, he inquired: 'What Christmas tree did that drop off?'"

"The proprietor hastened to take this view. 'It's express tag has fluttered away, I guess,' he whispered, jocosely."

"The citizen remembered his whisky, swallowed it, set the glass gently down, gently drew his six-shooter, and shot the cigar to smash out of the young man's mouth."

"Now I do not at all know what I should have done in the young man's place. Something sensible, I hope. What the youth did I know I should not have done. You see that his behavior was out of the common. He stooped down, picked up his cigar, found it ruined, put it in the spittoon, got a fresh one out of his pocket, found a match in his waistcoat, slid it along the seat of his nice breeches, lighted the new cigar, and settled himself once more in his chair, without a word of protest, or an attempt at resentment. The proprietor saw him do it all, and told about it afterward."

"The citizen took the second cigar, smash! like the first. Perhaps he went a trifle nearer the youth's lip."

"What were the card players in the back room doing at all this noise? They all lay flat on the floor like the well-trained, indigenous people that

they were, minding their own business. For there was no rear exit."

"The youth felt in his waistcoat pocket, but brought no match from it. So he rose with still another fresh cigar in his hand and walked to the bar."

"I'll have to ask you for a match," he said to the proprietor, who at once accommodated him."

"Once again he slid the match beneath his coat-tails, and bringing up his own six-shooter, shot the citizen as instantly dead as that can be done."—Owen Wister in Everybody's Magazine.

WHAT HIS FRIEND WANTED.

H. W. Lanier, in The World's Work says:

An old friend of Mr. Carnegie's who kept his fast trotters and held the record, was beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would reestablish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already been past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer and said:

"Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have beens', and you've let me see your 'going to-be's', but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

AND THE REPORTER.

Lindsay Denison, in the same journal says:

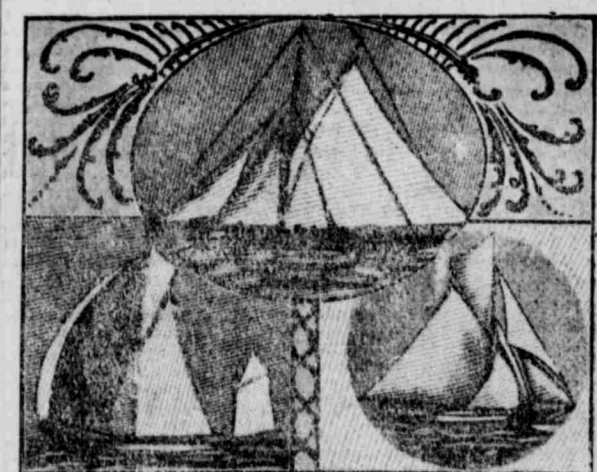
Not long ago a young man was sent by his employer to Mr. Morgan to make a verbal inquiry. When he entered the big counting-room he saw that Mr. Morgan was not at his desk. He asked the nearest clerk where he was. The clerk pointed to a distant door. The young man went at once into the room, and there he saw Mr. Morgan in an armchair before a snapping wood fire. There were many clerks in the room working over ledgers and sheets of figures. He congratulated himself that he had found the banker at leisure. The banker seemed to be tracing a curved line on the arm of the chair. He held his finger at the end of the line as one marks the place in a book, when he is interrupted, and he looked up and asked gruffly:

"How did you get in here?"

"I—I—I walked in, sir," stammered the young man. He could think of nothing else to say.

"Walk out!" roared Mr. Morgan. Then he turned his attention again to the line on the arm of the chair.

THE FAMOUS FOREIGN YACHTS,



"Eelin," "Isolde," and "Queen Mab," which will shortly make a visit to this country.